

School for Housewives

by Marion Harland



Summer's version of Mission Furniture.

THE stay-at-homes are gradually waking up to the idea that, with just a little effort, porches can be transformed into the coziest of places—a sort of outdoor room.

And ever since the first few porches were "furnished" more and more attractive summer furniture has been brought out each spring, with this year as far ahead of last as last year was of the year before.

There are matting rugs and split bamboo screens, willowware—not the white that shows soil so easily, but colored, like an enamel, rich green, or red—and wire-grass furniture, strands of the strong grass twisted and bound and woven into a heavy cord, and then these cords twisted and woven and bound again, until the bit of furniture is made as durable, yet beautiful, as a much sturdier-looking piece can be.

Mission furniture has its representative in summer form—chairs and porch screens, with cane seats and lighter frames than you usually associate with mission styles. Only the same dull tone of the wood and the straight lines are preserved, and instead of seeming ponderous, its simplicity gives it a cool look.

These chairs with "writing arms" are the greatest sort of luxury. You always want to write your letters on the porch, and it's so aggravating to have to hold a pad on your lap, with the ink-well reposing calmly on the floor, or on a table, hard to reach as you sit at ease, well back in your chair.

Those chairs are wonderfully convenient for sewing, too; for the arm holds a dozen things in the way of cotton and scissors—all the little things you must have around.

There's an odd new furniture with the frames of a soft tan color and the seats made of the same color, with bits of red and blue and green woven in in streaks, apparently at haphazard—really in a sort of broken pattern. The colors are as gay as can be, yet are handled so well that the effect is delicately Eastern.

The newest designs for matting rugs

are copies of Navajo blankets, with even the Indian coloring copied, although not in such bright shades.

Willowware is probably the most popular of porch furniture—it comes in such fascinating shapes; and the styles of chairs, which best reproduce in it are sure to be comfortable; and a comfortable chair is a thing eminently to be desired! Green is more popular than red—it seems cooler; but here and there is a porch which needs the rich red to bring out its beauty spots.

Some sort of a table you must have, probably a low one, which can be used as a tea table. For you're sure to have all sorts of little porch parties.

If your porch is deep enough, have a hammock across one corner, or a bamboo couch, piled high with pillows in gay summer dress.

Bandanas, tied at the corners, make cheap pillow-covers—not a new idea, by any means, but a satisfactory one. And linen and cotton covers come all ready to pop the pillows into and button up. Plaid gingham and check gingham with the checks effectively large, make the right sort and launder perfectly.

And, then, there are the pillows—flat and a little stiff, covered with a flexible something that is dimly related to matting, but there are a hundred new things,



Convenient for writing

A new shape in willow.

from the swinging seat—plenty big enough for two—which hangs from strong chains, to tiny teacups, which fit into an odd corner and hold a vase of flowers or a couple of books and magazines, and give a pleasant little air to the whole porch.



Coated Willow Hare

The tea-corner

PICNIC RECIPES

Chicken and Nut Sandwiches.

Mince the white meat of a roast chicken and mix it with half a can of French mushrooms, chopped fine, and a half cupful of chopped English walnuts. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and moisten with melted butter. Put the mixture between slices of whole wheat bread.

Walnut Sandwiches.

Soak English walnuts. Blanch and chop, and to every tablespoonful of nuts allow a good half teaspoonful of cream cheese. Rub well together and spread in thin slices of crustless white or graham bread.

Deviled Egg Sandwiches.

Mash the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a powder and moisten with olive oil and a few drops of vinegar. Work to a paste, add salt, pepper and French mustard to taste, with a drop or two of tabasco sauce. Now chop the whites of the eggs as fine as possible (or until they are like a coarse powder) and mix them with the yolk paste. If more seasoning is necessary, add it before spreading the mixture upon sliced graham bread.

Roast Beef Sandwiches.

Chop rare roast beef very fine, taking care to use only the lean portions of the meat. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a saltspoonful of horseradish. Mix and make into sandwiches with thinly sliced graham bread.

Stuffed Eggs.

Boil eggs hard and throw them into cold water. When cool, remove the shells, cut the eggs in half carefully and extract the yolks. Rub these to a powder with the back of a spoon, and add to them pepper and salt to taste a little very finely minced ham and enough melted butter to make the mixture into a smooth paste. If ham is not at hand any other cold meat will do, and either anchovies or anchovy paste

may be used. Make the compound into balls about the size and shape of the yolks, and restore them to their place between the two cups of the whites. Keep these in place by wrapping them in several thicknesses of tissue paper, folded square, the ends trimmed out and twisted close to the egg. Line a basket with green leaves or grasses, and pile the eggs in this.

Peanut Sandwiches.

Shell and skin freshly roasted peanuts and roll them to fine crumbs on a pastry board. Add salt to taste and mix the powdered nuts with enough fresh cream cheese to make a paste that can be easily spread on unbuttered bread. Keep in a cold, damp place until wanted.

Ham and Olive Sandwiches.

Chop lean ham fine and beat into each cupful of the minced meat a tablespoonful of salad oil, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a saltspoonful of French mustard, six olives chopped fine and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Work all to a paste, and spread on thin slices of white bread.

Egg Salad.

Boil six eggs perfectly hard, putting them on in cold water, and cooking ten minutes after this reaches the boil, that the yolks may be dry and mealy. Cut the whites in two, remove carefully, and mix the yolks to a paste with three tablespoonfuls of minced ham or chicken, or both, ten drops of onion juice, a saltspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt to taste, and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Crowd the mixture back into the halved whites, cutting a bit off the bottom of each egg, that it may stand upright, and letting the newly formed yolk rise above the edge of the white as far as the original yolk would have done. Arrange these on lettuce leaves and serve with a French dressing, or with boiled salad dressing.

The Neighborhood Picnic

How to Make It a Real Pleasure for Everybody Concerned.

A MONSTER picnic run by contrast is a social enormity. He builded better than he knew who characterized such a "pleasure exertion." Even the average child has ceased to regard the Sunday or day school picnic as a delight.

Huddled in hot cars, packed sardine-wise in steam transports, disgorged by former hordes and sparsely shaded by spiritless trees, the revelers are turned loose to frolic and to feed for a given number of hours. When the time is up they are corralled like driven, dirty, discontented cattle and deposited by bedtime at dock or depot, having achieved one most travesties upon merry making—a travesty that is peculiarly United Statesian.

A New England Picnic.

But an al fresco pleasure taking on the part of a dozen or more congenial families or a company of nice, neighborhood young people, properly chaperoned, is one of the least conventional and altogether agreeable forms of summer entertainment.

It was my fortune, several years ago, to spend a summer in one of the loveliest of New England towns, where the private picnic was a favorite means of dispensing and receiving hospitality. A description of one of these veritable pleasure excursions will convey my meaning more truly than a list of formal instructions could.

The young people, numbering sometimes twenty-five, sometimes forty, assembled at the house of her, who gave the function. If the designated pleasure ground were to be reached by land, carriages were at the door to convey the party. Those who owned private carriages brought them; perhaps half a dozen would be on horseback; the rest were accommodated in vehicles furnished by the hostess. One wagon contained the collation.

Plenty of Good Cheer.

This particular town was so fortunate as to have within easy walking distance, and also accessible by trolley cars, a chain of lakelets leading up into the hills; "ponds," the country folk called them. They furnished water power for flourishing mills. They were the popular resort of lovers of boating and swimming.

"Water picnics" were the order of the day in the summer I speak of. The young men wore flannel shooting suits, the girls, white waists and blue serge skirts, or waists and skirts of white cloth or colored linen. Anything like display in costume would have been reckoned vulgar and out of taste. The chaperon and two or three couples went in the first boat; the provisions, under the care of a trusty domestic, followed in the wake of a convivial fleet. The amateur musicians were near the middle of the line, with guitar, banjo, violin, and flute. When we cleared the town the music began—part songs, glees, rollicking boating ballads following one another. Everybody sang, whether or not voice or ear was good. Four o'clock was the hour of meeting. By 5 we disembarked at one of the many attractive landing places bordering the upper lake. The wood was full of wild flowers, and violets rioting upon the slopes, ferns fringing the shore and towering into beds of bracken in the side of the grove. A committee of flower lovers sallied forth in quest of decorations for the sylvan feast. Another and a smaller deputation remained behind to lay the cloth and spread the table. A level expanse of sward, selected at the jamboos was secured against vagrant gusts by laying big stones at the corners. One hamper contained napery and table furniture. This consisted of wooden plates, bowls, and dishes, bought for a few cents apiece; stout glasses and stoneware pitchers, silver forks, knives, and spoons. The napkins were of Japanese paper. Sometimes several girls joined hands in providing refreshments, one bringing nothing but sandwiches, another providing cakes, a third iced tea and coffee, a fourth salads, and all "clubbing in" on the ice cream.

This last was the most cumbersome article in the van or boat, packed down in a freezer, surrounded by salt and ice. Salad dressing, French or mayonnaise, came in wide-mouthed jar, closely corked; lettuce was washed and picked over at home, wrapped in a damp napkin and laid lightly in a basket, bits of ice scattered among the leaves to preserve their crispness. Each sandwich was

enveloped in paraffined paper, such as lined, cracker boxes, hard-boiled eggs, stuffed and deviled eggs were done up separately in tissue papers frilled at the ends. Cold tea and coffee came in quart bottles, set closely in a round basket about a lump of ice, wrapped first in cotton flannel, then in oilcloth.

Only One Break.

Chicken or celery or any other salad that would toughen or wilt if left long in the dressing was packed, unseasoned, in a bowl, covered closely, and dressed just before it was eaten. Cushions, taken from boats or from carriages, if we had come by land, were laid around the cloth upon rugs, which protected flannels and duck from grass stains or earth damp.

Lastly, the floral treasures collected by the decorating committee were disposed tastefully between dishes, pitchers and bowls, and the material part of the feast began, to the accompaniment of much jesting and more laughter.

I recall with sincere satisfaction that in all the eight or ten picnics it was my happiness to attend that golden summer I witnessed but one incident that could be construed into rudeness or undue license of speech or act.

A young collegian, with more spirits than wit, had brought, of his own motion, a huge bag of dates, and, producing it after all were seated about the tastefully decorated table, scattered the contents broadcast over the array, splashing into glasses, dotting salads and sandwiches and shocking the company into momentary silence.

Then the clear, girlish voice of the hostess was heard: "Mr. [name] has evidently made a specialty of chronological tables in the university! I am afraid most of you are too unlearned to appreciate them!"

A Dance on the Turf.

By the time the supper was over the sun was near the setting. The rich and naphtha glasses, and silver were returned to the hamper and a camp fire was kindled, with plates and dishes as a foundation. We sat in a ring about it, singing, chatting and story-telling, until the flames sank into embers. These were extinguished carefully before we set out for home.

Sometimes there was an impromptu dance upon the turf in genuine fairy fashion. Always we carried away with us lighter hearts and healthier bodies for the innocent diversion of the summer afternoon.

Recipes for the preparation of some picnic viands will be found in the recipe column.

MARION HARLAND.

A SUNDAY SUPPER

Mock Crab Toast.
Vegetable Salad.
Meringued Apples. Cakes.
Coffee.

Mock Crab Toast.—Put one tablespoon butter in the blazer of the chafing dish, stirring it round that the bottom may be evenly greased. Add one-half pound grated mild cheese and stir until melted. Slip the water pan underneath, then add the yolks of three eggs, beaten, with one tablespoon anchovy sauce, one teaspoon French mustard, two tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, and one-quarter teaspoon paprika. Stir constantly and in a minute lower or put out the light. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Meringued Apples.—Prepare the apples early in the day by coring and paring. Place in a baking dish with a little sugary water, the marmalade juice, cover and bake quickly until tender but not broken. After removing them to the serving dish fill the centers with marmalade or jelly and pour a syrup around them. Over them is heaped a meringue which is thickly dusted with sugar. Slip the water pan underneath, moderate oven just long enough to color lightly. Serve extremely cold.

Vegetable Salad.—Cook together twenty minutes one-half can tomatoes, one-half cup water, one-half onion cut fine, two cloves, one-half leaf, spring of parsley, cold water. Taste to see that the tomato is well seasoned, add the ketchup, stir until dissolved, press through a sieve. Add two tablespoons tarragon vinegar, pour into a border mold, and set away to stiffen. For two good-sized potatoes, dice and boil in salted water until just tender. Cut fine one-half can mushrooms. Rinse thoroughly, then drain. Add one cup tiny canned peas. Cut fine sufficient blanched celery to measure two-thirds cup. Mix the vegetables, adding liberal quantity French dressing. Turn the jelly on a salad dish, fill the center with prepared vegetables, and sprinkle thickly with fresh mignonette pepper which is whole peppers coarsely ground in a table pepper mill.

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

I GIVE place today to a letter that has been lying uppermost in the drawer marked "USE SOON" for many weeks. Sheer lack of space has held it back. In consideration of its importance, I push aside other matter that has been waiting even longer and let a thoughtful, true-hearted wife and mother take my chair for half an hour.

No wonder you are indignant; but maybe there is one good reason for the empty "mother's drawer." Perhaps there are other mothers who, like myself, want to write to you for advice, but can't spare time from their blessed problems long enough even for that.

I wish I could tell all the women who willfully refuse motherhood what they miss. Sometimes I long for literary club study and associations; often my husband and myself would enjoy an evening entertainment together were it possible; but nothing, for one minute, makes us think we would not rather have our blessed babies than all the other opportunities in the world. Oh, the sweetness of the wee, wee one in the arms! As soon as one child begins to leave babyhood I "miss my baby," and am not heart-contented until another tiny red face lies against my arm. Yet I would not give the idea that babyhood is the only time in life to be enjoyed. As my boys develop, problems develop, too; but so do our love and pride and joy in them.

I have the mothering of three little boys, from six to two years old. Two are my own. The other is a motherless four-year-old, boarding with me. It is especially of him I would write. Since he is not my own, and has been with me but a few months, I cannot understand him well. How would you break a habit of perpetual whining? He did not whine when he first came to us. I think he was afraid to do it. His treatment in a former home seems to have been one of stern discipline without love. In self-defense I must urge that we never yield to a child's whines or cries. I do not think we "coddle," although we do believe in much love and showing of love. It seems to me we have tried every method—riddle, appeal to desire to be "big and brave," punishment, reward. All in vain. He is a very affectionate, sensitive, nervous

child. Sometimes I think the trouble is largely physical, but although I have studied him much and tried to apply correct hygiene and natural remedies, I cannot seem to overcome his habitual constipation or establish good circulation. I never knew a child of his age to suffer so much with cold hands and feet as he does.

One more problem. Both this child and my two-year-old have "spells" of obstinacy. For no apparent reason they will refuse to respond to some simple order. If I wait, quietly looking at them, after a minute or two they will obey. Should I wait? It is not prompt obedience if I do, and such delays are annoying to my husband. On the other hand, if I do not wait, I simply compel by my superior size, and with the child it is usually the beginning of a siege, more or less prolonged, according to the state of his nerves at the time. He can easily be influenced and led by love if one has patience enough, but the attempt to drive awakens a strong spirit of resistance.

A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER.

(Maywood, Ill.)

You are more fit to give advice than the majority of women who have charge of children. I hesitate to offer so much as a suggestion, so fully do I agree with your theory and approve of your method of managing the blessed boys. The motherless baby's whine is probably one of the most persistent and annoying of all. Study his character until you discover by what avenue he is most accessible, then bring your knowledge to bear upon his whine. There is a way of managing every child if we can but find it out. And the ways are almost as numerous as the children themselves.

Like you, I believe in prompt obedience to a given order. Yet one of my early lessons in governing the nursery involved just the patient, serious waiting you describe. I have in my mind this moment the scene of a two-year-old girl, half-sportive, half-defiant, a gleam of self-will in the dancing eyes, balancing on tiptoe for flight, or for advance, while I, the mother, sat across the room and said, "Come to me, dear; I mean it."

"I'll just wait and see this out!" murmured a visitor who did not hold with my ideas of teaching babies obedience, maintaining that "when they were old enough to be ashamed of misconduct they would come out all right."

For eight awful minutes I looked into the dancing, mischievous eyes, repeating gently but decidedly, "Come to me!"

Then, defiance went out of eyes, face and limb suddenly; the baby ran across the room into my arms with a burst of tearful laughter—and victory was mine! The next time and ever after, ward she obeyed readily and cheerfully. She had comprehended whose was the stronger will, and whose the superior "staying-power."

I have no doubt the motherless child's physical discomfort underlies his peevishness. Massage the bowels, and take time at bedtime to chafe the hands and feet into warmth. You have unfortunate antecedents to contend with. In due season you shall reap if you faint not.

I am expecting to marry some time this summer, and would like to know: What hour is now considered the most fashionable? 2. What would be nice to serve at the wedding?

Please bear in mind this is a home wedding, and my father is in only moderate circumstances. I expect to invite about 100 guests.

What sort of gown would be most appropriate, and what for my matron of honor? Should one's presents be shown at the wedding, and how arranged?

N. W. W. (Denver, Col.)

The time is a matter of convenience, and settled to suit hours of trains, etc. Four in the afternoon is a favorite hour for a day wedding; 8 in the evening, if after 6 o'clock. For refreshments have salads, ices, sandwiches, cakes, and a little fruit. The fruit is in the height of the season.

An organdie trimmed with real lace, or a white lace dress if you can afford it, will be pretty bridal apparel, and serve you well for later functions.

White or pearl gray crepe de chine, or china silk, will be suitable for the matron of honor.

The presents are usually displayed in an upper room, unless there be a parlor or library not in use upon the drawing-room floor. It is in better taste not to attach the donors' cards to the various gifts, although this is often done.

Can you tell me how to treat or renovate a white silk dress? I have a gown so that it will do for cooking purposes?

"S. H. asked how to make red ink. I have an old book—"Valuable Secrets in Arts and Trades"—published in 1818, which contains everything, but since I have never tried any of its recipes, I hesitate to quote from it.

It says: "Dissolve one-half ounce of gum arabic in three ounces of rose water. Then with this water dilute cinnamon, or vermillion. Ink of any color may be made in the same manner by substituting only a proper ingredient in the cinnamon, or vermillion."

THANKFUL (Buffalo, N. Y.)